

## We wish to announce that our Store will be here for Christmas Goods this season.

Our line will be complete. Will have something NICE for everybody, from the youngest to the oldest. We have secured the best line of **HOLIDAY GOODS** every brought to the Plains, and we cordially invite every one young and old to come in and inspect our stock before buying.

We are in the market to please our Customers, and can

### "If you will give us a TRIAL"

Santa Clause will be in our Store in full dress Dec. 21st to 24th, and will have a present for all the children. **DON'T FAIL TO COME AND SEE HIM.**

## Our holiday goods will be on display December 10th.

Come early and avoid the rush. Prompt attention given to out-of-town orders.

## JEWELRY

We wish to call special attention to our line of JEWELRY. Each article absolutely guaranteed to GIVE SATISFACTION.

Our prices are right.

## The Lovington Drug Store, SHEPARD AND SMITH.

## The GIRL OF MY DREAMS

A NOVELIZATION OF THE PLAY BY  
WILBUR D. NESBIT AND OTTO HALLERBACH  
NOVELIZED BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

"A girl does things—doesn't count, you know when you come backyards."

"Verily," Medders said, "there are times when a man could come sideways."

"Well," Elmer said, turning again to Count von Fies, "it's a lucky thing for you there was nothing in the report that you were with my wife today. I'm a jealous man. I'm desperate when I'm provoked."

"Don't worry!" the Count begged.

"Once," the General said, "I caught a man flirting with her. What did I do?"

"What did you do?" the Count asked, weakly.

"They buried his hat," the General said. "Just his hat! Just his hat!"

"Count his hat!" the Count asked. Mentally he wondered if it had been a feather hat with red plumes.

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"No, there isn't any mistake," Harry said.

"Did I understand aright," Medders asked, "that these are paying seventy-five dollars for that hat?"

"I did—without taking chloroform, too," Harry ruefully acknowledged.

"Some hats are worth that much," the Count remarked.

"Sure!" boomed the General. "My wife often spends more than that for a hat."

"Is it for thy sister, Harry?" Medders asked, casually.

"I don't know if it will fit her," Harry answered, non-committally.

"Wouldst thou let us see it?" Medders asked. "Truly, a hat worth that much must be a wonderful thing."

Here the Count nervously interposed, afraid that the General would become aroused if he saw the hat.

"No, no. Don't let air might spell it!"

"I confess I am curious to see it," Medders said. "Ah, what forms the vanity of women and the foolishness of men do take!"

From the house came the faint form of Eucrates Primmer. In his hand he carried the hatbox which all day he had been endeavoring to open in the presence of Lucy.

"What is the trouble?" he asked.

"No trouble at all—until you came," Harry replied, dryly.

"Harry has simply been doing what I have often done," General Elmer explained. "He has bought a hat."

Primmer glanced at the hat on Harry's head, and then looked at his own.

"This one, is it his wife?" he inquired, softly.

"Yes," the General said, solemnly. "Eucrates Primmer. Eucrates was his name. He was a hat box man."

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"No," Harry corrected him, fearing some further complication. "The last is, I was going to give the hat to Lucy—with your permission, Mr. Medders. But I didn't like to ask your permission before all the others here."

"Bully for you, Harry!" the General beamed. "You couldn't do a finer thing."

Primmer leaped into a fit of dejection.

"Alas!" he sobbed. "Homer was right when he said:

"Alas, faint hope I leaned upon! Alas, thou too art dead and gone!"

"Cheer him up!" General Elmer suggested. "Let him see your present for Lucy."

"I, too, have a present for Lucy," Primmer said.

"That hat?" Medders asked. "What is it, Eucrates?"

"A hat," Primmer announced.

Harry leaped to a conclusion. Instantly he coupled Primmer with the mysterious man who had bought the duplicate hat at Mile Daphne's.

"Let's see it," he said.

He opened Primmer's hat box, and one glance was enough to confirm his surmise. He dropped the lid quickly, and looked at Primmer's face.

"I'll take your hat to Lucy. Don't be—"

"No, I shall present it to her myself," Primmer declared, taking the hat from Harry.

"An idea," Harry said. "Don't let me see the present that let me see it."

And as he spoke, he saw the General's face. And as he saw the General's face, he saw the General's face.

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duplicate was in the house all the time.

"And," he growled, "I've still got one coming from Daphne!"

"What did they say?" Medders asked, as they went into the reception room.

"I was saying that I hoped no one was coming this evening to break up our quiet little party."

### CHAPTER XIII.

A short while later Harry left his guests gathered about the piano, singing, and quietly slipped outside. The Count made an excuse and left the room also. Harry went immediately to the front of the house and threw a pebble against Mrs. Elmer's window.

"But!" he cautioned, as she appeared.

"Oh, dear! I'm distracted!" she said, almost hysterically.

"How do you think I feel?" he asked. "Listen. I've got the hat. I put it in my sister's room, until I get a chance to give it to you."

"Why can't I have it right away?" she asked.

"Some one would see me getting it to you. We can't take a chance. General Elmer is in there with the hat—don't you hear him singing?"

"Oh, yes. It is just a blessing that the hat is in the house and Harry is outside."

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